

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIII.]

Saturday, June 29, 1811.

[NO. 10.]

KILVERSTONE

CASTLE.

A Tale.

(Continued)

Their discourse was here interrupted by the arrival of horse litters for the removal of the wounded to the first town, where they might rest more commodiously, and have the ablest surgeons in the army to attend them. Audley joined the party, and accompanied his friend to the place prepared for the wounded. Here Ironside, apprehensive his wound might be mortal, thus addressed Audley: "Oh, my friend, my kinsman; if thou seekest affection for me, remember my dear Elvira, my daughter. The fate decrees a period to my sorrows: The happy days approach, in which thy toils and sufferings will end. Then think of me. To thy care I commit her; for though she is mine, she hath virtues equal to most of her

sex, and far above her birth. Then Audley—'What would you then require of me?' cried Audley. "If thou hast a child, yet, Oh, let her assylum be thy regard."—

After these words, the friends both remained silent. Audley relieved the anxious moment in deep thought, and, clasping his friend's hand, assured him of his protection of the fair Elvira. "Whatever be my fate," adds he, "she shall be as a daughter to me." Ironside returned his friendship with tears, and on his hand imprinted kisses. Alas! the last imprinted kisses of his life! These faithful friends embraced, and bid adieu!

Audley hastened back to the camp, where the king, after publishing a general pardon to the rebels, who came in and swore allegiance, dispersed his army, and removed his court to York.

The chiefs of the army soon repaired there, where the king

very graciously knighted the most deserving. The valor of the Bloody Knight, as he was called, attracted the king's notice much. To Lord Morton, a favorite he gave the charge of inviting him to court; there to receive the royal bounty promised by his majesty after the victory.

Lord Morton was desirous of knowing the quality of this stranger, in order that he might counsel what was the fittest request to offer to the throne; as his majesty had left him to his opinion in what manner he should honor him.

Lord Albion was deputed by Lord Morton to seek him out. He found him with difficulty. The stranger told him he came from Normandy with his mother, to seek after his father's estates, whom he supposed long since dead. His name he said was Leo; that from his infancy he had constantly resided with his grandfather, whose only infirmity was his advanced age, which prevented him from joining the royal standard.

"My mother would attend me, determining, if I should fall in battle, that she would retire into a convent. Ad-

verse winds separated the little fleet in which we sailed with some few English troops. My mother, with her attendants, were drove back; whilst the dark in which I sailed fortunately made land. The hand of Heaven sustained me in the battle; and, from the royal bounty, with Lord Morton's influence, I doubt not but I shall regain the possessions of my father. But, be that as it may, I think myself fortunate, that justice wielded my sword, and young Lord Wentworth fell beneath my arm."

Lord Morton found himself greatly interested in the young champion's history; and, during the relation, his regard for virtue moved his resolves. At length they prepare to attend the court. Lord Morton introduced the valiant Leo, having related to the King in his closet the hero's history. The essential services he had rendered the state, together with the intercessions of Lord Morton, for whose great power and good offices he was not to depart the throne dissatisfied, induced the king, of his royal magnificence, to create Leo Lord Castlehaven.

Whilst these transactions were passing, Audley had

journeyed on. In his way he learned that his friend Ironside had died of his wounds, but not without the satisfaction of seeing his daughter Elvira, in whose arms he expired; but whither the young lady had retired he did not then know. After a few days' journey, he reached the well known spot where once stood the Benedictine monastery of Crowle. Alas! how changed! It was a heap of ruins! Being proved a nursery of rebellion and plots against the state, it was destroyed by the mandate, and its possessions confiscated. As he travelled on, he had the mortification to behold the old patriarchian oaks which once graced the mansion of his father, felled, and nought but the stumps remaining. The fatal hand of desolation had altered every pleasing view into ruin and destruction, and a confused heap marked the spot where once the dwelling stood, save one wing alone, which had sustained the shock of time, and spared the gallery where once Audley was miraculously saved! With tears he viewed the waste! Among the ruins he attempts his way! The waters, which naturally overflowed for want of embanking, made his way almost inaccessible. At

length, with difficulty, he reached the tower. At his approach, the doors which had been shut for years, as if shook by tempests, spontaneously gave way! He gains the gallery! Shrouded and concealed by dirt and ruins, he walked round the gallery where once hung the armour of his ancestors. Little remained of the ancient strength and grandeur of the place. The raven was the only tenant, who, now and then, by croaking, seemed to sing its requiem.

After taking, with his servants, a thorough view of the place, he retired to the village of Spalding to refresh, and study a plan to recover his ancient possessions.

Whilst he was meditating upon these things, the ecclesiastics of the place received notice that the Lord's wedding was in a few days to be celebrated in their village, and that the bride was from abroad. The day arrived. Audley soon recollected Lord Albion, who led the joyful band, and who immediately recognized his courageous friend, who had been so serviceable in suppressing the late rebellion.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

THE
MONK OF THE GROTTO.

A Tale.

(Continued)

Francesco observed that she had written an answer, and immediately presented himself to receive it. Virginia after his departure, continued traversing with hasty steps the cloister where she had met him.

“What audacity!” thought she. “Eugenio dare to propose to me to see him—to listen to him! What can he say to me in justification of his cruel conduct? Alas! he is perhaps unhappy! added she in softened accents. “If he seeks consolation and an alleviation of his misery from me, shall I not act with more cruelty towards him than ever he has with regard to me, if I refuse to hear him? Can I forget that he was my beloved, my only friend—that he is still the object dearest to my heart, and that every hour I invoke, in his favour, the blessings of heaven?—Oh Eugenio! Eugenio!” she exclaimed in sad accents, and her eyes bathed in tears, “how can I sustain the dreadful idea of giving you pain?”

Virginia continued for some moments wrapped in her reflections. The image of her early years presented itself to her imagination, but soon the flattering picture assumed a mournful shade. She recalled to her mind the last moments of her mother, and the fatal death of the Count Caprara: it seemed that the Immortal spirits of those two cherished beings hovered over her. The moon, which had just risen, shot her resplendent rays against the painted glass of the Gothic windows of the monastery, and imparted a pale and trembling light throughout the interior of the cloister. Virginia could not resist an involuntary emotion of terror at hearing some one speak in a low tone of voice; but Francesco, making himself known, soon dissipated her apprehensions:—he returned her the pocket-book, at the same time requesting her to read what Eugenio had traced below the answer she had written to his letter. Virginia approached one of the windows, and distinguished, by the light of the moon, these words:—

“Me, the husband of Rosalia!—just Heaven! what dreadful mystery do you present to my imagination? Oh! too

credulous and unfortunate Virginia, what have you done?—Unfaithful! could you suppose it possible? In the name of Heaven, grant my prayer!—the torments I suffer are inexpressible! Virginia, for the sake of pity and humanity, do not leave me to die with despair!”

“Yes, I will see him!” exclaimed Virginia, distracted, and scarce sensible of what she said. Where is he? Where is my Eugenio—my dear Eugenio? Oh my God! my God!” she cried, striking her breast, “you have suffered it! Iniquity has triumphed!”

“Madam,” said Francesco, in a low and timid voice, “be cautious how you are overheard; you will involve yourself, as well as me, in inevitable ruin. Here is the key of the garden gate, which I shall take care to leave unbolted, in order that you may open it without noise. At eleven o’clock precisely repair to the cypress grove.”

Francesco disappeared, after having delivered the key into Virginia’s hands, and left her in a state which no human pen can possibly describe.

Eugenio, the prey of inexpressible agitation, counted every minute of the interval previous to that which was to restore to his sight the lovely Virginia—that Virginia who had been torn from his arms in a manner so fatal to his love and the dearest hopes of his heart. Unable to comprehend the reason and object of that conduct which had decided his misfortune, he gave vent to his despair, and in exclamations of rage expressed the violent feelings which agitated his bosom.

Tranquil at Naples, and enjoying each successive day, the pleasing hope of being soon united to his Virginia, he had abandoned himself with ardour to the study of diplomacy, the knowledge of which he hoped would conduct him to a brilliant fortune. Rosalia was, as we have already said, the only person with whom he appeared delighted; but the pleasure of speaking of Virginia was not the only one which impelled him to frequent the house of the Count Vizzani; a motive no less imperious, induced him to wish to pass as much time in her company as possible. Rosalia was the prey of silent grief and sorrow. Eugenio no sooner became acquainted

with her afflictions, than every moment which he did not consecrate to Virginia, was occupied in alleviating them.

The young Marquis Justiniani, rich and illustrious by his birth, passionately loved the amiable Rosalia and in return won her affections. The Count Vizzani, for reasons which he did not deign to explain to his daughter, peremptorily forbade her returning the love of the marquis; and at the same time assured her he should never be her husband. Rosalia listened to this decree without daring to answer; but her heart secretly resolved never to be united to any other. For two years the young Marquis had in vain used every endeavour to obtain the consent of the Count. During the latter part of that period, the severity of the Count, and the presence of Eugenio, had deprived him of every hope; he had left the place oppressed with grief, unaccompanied even by the consolation of being able to write to his mistress; for a rigid Daenna, chosen by the Count Vizzani, was incessantly with her, and narrowly observed all her motions.

(To be Continued)

ST. HERBERT,

OR THE

VICTIMS OF PREJUDICE.

A TALE.

'It is always a long voyage,' said he to me one day, and should it be protracted beyond the common time, then, if I had told Louisa how I loved; had I obtained her approbation; would she not accuse me of inconstancy, would she not upbraid me as ungenerous, and say, that I had engaged her in vows which I did not regard, and thus prevented her accepting some one more worthy. No, I will not offer to her inexperienced youth those protestations, which her maturer years may reject: but, I will await with patience that period when I can tender her my hand and fortune together. Upon his arrival from this place, his father had changed his mind, and was now anxious for his going to the southward, as his agent—but a better reason was, that a rich young Carolinian heiress who had become enamoured of Julius, had written to his father and sister, intreating them to make use of every art and argument to induce him to marry her, and in case of their succeeding she offered

to settle three thousand dollars per annum upon the daughter; it was for this that the mercenary girl intercepted and detained his letters; letters which contained all that your unfortunate child wished to know; the fatal picture was inclosed in one of them.

No sooner had the young man left me, than I gave myself up to the most obstinate melancholy, and forgetting the injunctions of my departed treasure, resolved to cherish sorrow, till my spirit shrinking from the burden should seek another residence. I therefore shut myself in my apartment, and never quitted it excepting when I went to the burial place, where indeed my visits were frequent.

In my way thither, I had often met with an Indian, habited as a traveller; his brow was furrowed and his head bald, yet such a benign serenity overspread his countenance, that it seemed as though age had made his approaches upon the tufted path of unbroken quiet; he always eyed me with complacency, but never accosted me; doubtless the severity of my aspect forbade him."

At length, however, as I was

returning once rather late from my usual walk, he overtook me, and saluted me in the Cayuga language: 'Brother,' said he, 'can thy herd afford a draught of milk, or thy field an ear of maize to a hungry traveller?' 'Yes,' I replied, and my habitation shall shelter thee from the damp winds, and the dews of the evening.'

"Thou art kind," returned he, 'yet I would not intrude upon thy hospitality, were I not in want; but early this morning, as I was crossing the creek that runs at the foot of yonder green mountain, the angry stream, in its strength, tore from my belt the calabash that held my little portion of hommony' and carried it away.' 'Thou goest often to that mountain,' said I, 'doubtless, thou goest thither to pay homage to the new moon.' "Not so," answered he, 'but I go thither to pay homage to the Great Spirit, who, when he blots one moon from the face of Heaven, illumines another to cheer the narrow path of him, who journeys solitary by night.'

When we arrived at the house, supper was ready, and, according to the Indian custom we ate our meal in silence. When we had finished, he

commenced the conversation :

'In my journeys along this way,' said he, 'I have frequently seen thee near an inclosure ; I have sometimes seen thee in it weeping upon the flat stones, and speaking to some one in the voice of distress. Tell me, I pray thee, with whom thou conversest, and why thou art so sad.' With a shower of tears, I gave him a brief account of my sorrows. 'It is thy wife and child who lie there,' said he, pausing a little, 'it is to them thou bewailest thyself ; they hear thee ; they are pleased with thy lamentations : they answer thee.' 'Ah, no !' sobbed I, 'they that are shut up in the grave, are deaf and insensible.' 'Why, then,' asked he, in a firm tone, 'dost thou waste thy days in complaints that avail thee not ? Behold thou hast seen but few winters, and the locks of thy head are white as the snows that drift upon the top of the Alleghanies, and thy life fleeing from anguish, as the pale leaves of the wild rose from the north-eastern storm.' 'Alas !' demanded I, 'how can I cease to weep ; I have none to comfort me ; I am quite alone.' 'So am I,' said he, 'yet thou seest me comforted : but listen, and

learn instruction from a red man of the wild. Like thee, I have known prosperous days, but the hand of *misfortune*, which none may arrest, hath borne hard upon me and thou now beholdest me old and desolate. I had a good wise wife, and strong and beautiful children. My fields of maize and my plats of beans, reached farther than my sight could stretch. My woods abounded with the yellow plumb, the crimson raspberry, the blood-red strawberry, and the purple grape ; while the fat bear, and the nimble deer rolled among the scented mandrakes ; my brooks were full of fish, and on their banks wild fowl brooded in flocks—my neighbours envied my plenty, and in the pride of my heart I said, "my glory is great, I am exalted above my tribe," but I forgot to be grateful to the hand that had raised me, and my glory was of short duration : the fountains of the sky ceased to flow, and my fields were parched up : the grain dried upon the stalk, and the leaves became as dust : the angel of disease arose from a pool, whose *sweet* waters had been stolen by the fierce rays of the thirsty sun : he passed by my wigwam, and two of

my children died.—Accompanied by my oldest boy Tolala, I put my canoe upon the lake to get some fish for my afflicted family, and with a bitter tongue I bemoaned myself: the spirit of the flood heard my murmurs—he called together his strongest winds: the boat was overset far from the shore, and Tolala perished—while the noisy waves threw me against a high barren rock; I climbed its steep side, and from the top heard the war whoop of a triumphant enemy, and saw my wigwam in a blaze, —Mad with grief and rage I plunged again into the water and swam to the land: I rushed to the ruins of my dwelling, and there of all my boasted treasures, only beheld the scalped and tomahawked carcasses of my wife and two last little ones.

As the wounded wolf, who cannot fly, snaps his teeth, and bites his own flesh—so did I.—I tore the hair from my scalp, and gnawed the nails from my hands, and yelled till I had no voice left. I looked toward the forest, and wished myself a thunder storm, that I might wrench its strong trees from the earth and blast its beauty.

(To be Continued.)

The-SPECULATOR.

NUMBER XXX.

SATURDAY, May 18, 1811.

*Quis furor, ó civis! quæ tanta
licentia ferri!* Lucan.

'A full box was accordingly taken immediately next that of my acquaintance, and about six in the evening Mr. F—and A two of my new made friends, after I had engaged a carriage, proceeded to introduce me to the lady whom I was to escort. We found her (as I understood at her fathers house) together with her female friend, and as both her parents were absent from the city, we enjoyed an unrestrained conversation until the hour of our departure for the Theatre. I beg leave here to remark that I was highly delighted with my good fortune: Miss G—who was to be my partner, appeared to possess many accomplishments, beauty she certainly did not want. The house which she inhabited bore every mark of affluence she paid to me a marked attention, and in fact I conceived myself in the right road to *honor* happiness and prosperity.—When we had arrived at the Theatre Mr. F. whispered me that as I was a stranger he and the other gentleman would re-

sign the front seat to myself and the ladies; which mark of attention was of course complied with. The Play now commenced, and as I was a complete Novice in Theatrical amusement, I lent it all ear and eye, yet could not help feeling some what a shamed, at the repeated burst of laughter that from time to time issued from my companions in the rear; but conceiving it to arise from some ridiculous circumstance I did not perceive, I contented myself under that impression. I also observed that the ladies of my acquaintance in the adjacent box with whom I sometimes attempted (between the different acts) to converse, discountenanced my advances with repulsive frowns! this I likewise attributed to the rules of the house. After the performances had concluded, I procured two hackney coaches in which we all repaired to the house of Miss G. and upon her *pressing* invitation tarried supper which was served in a sumptuous style, the bottle circulated freely I was elated with wine and the fair prospect before—and as nothing tends more to put a man in good humour than love and wine, after we had bid the ladies good night, I felt myself in proper trim to enter

into all the wild schemes of my (as I afterwards found out) dissolute companions—in other words I was *roaring drunk*, and after a night spent in every impropriety (for my virtue was drowned by the potation I had swallowed) I found myself at the dawn of day in one of the watch houses, for what crime I was unconscious—my money saved me from a public exposure in the Bridewell, and about eight o'clock in the morning, I walked home to my lodgings, in a situation more easily conceived than described. I was somewhat astonished to find upon my return my associates of the preceeding night, snoring comfortably in their respective beds, and I began to conceive that all was not right. To put the best face upon the matter, I washed and dressed and then calculated the expence of this first initiation into the *beau monde*, and found it to exceed eighty dollars. I nevertheless, consoled myself with the idea that the fortune of Miss G. would shortly reimburse all my expenditures and effectually salve over this disgraceful *fete*. Well-a-day! these were the foolish dreams of an inexperienced mind. Upon the appearance of the boarders I perceived in every

countenance an undisguised merriment, my particular friends were not yet visible. One asked me, how I was entertained with the *Quize*, another if, I shortly intended to marry the amiable Miss G. A third, observed that he liked *vastly* and *above* all things to see the *rig* run upon a *raw countryman*, and cursed himself, if he did not hate the whole tribe of *clod hoppers*. I now plainly saw that I was *Game* for the whole hoste, but my spirits were so much depressed that I was fain to put up with every joke, passed upon me but the one from the *fine gentlemen*, who hated *clod hoppers*. To him I addressed myself, smarting under the unworthy treatment I had received and demanded an explanation; filthy wretch, (said he) stand aside, I never yet could bear the smell of a stable. without more ceremony, from one blow of my fist I made him measure his length upon the floor, and in less than an hour I again found myself into the grasp of that insatiable monster. *LAW*—The business was instantly arranged, by my paying (what the Counsellors called smart money) the costs—God forgive me, but after this experience, I would almost

as willingly be clutch by the d—l himself, as to come within the power of an Attorney. 'That business is got through with,' said I to myself, as I indignantly traversed back to my Hotel. The moment I entered, I enquired for Mr. F. Mr. A. and the rest of the party, but was informed that during my absence they had left the city, and to heighten my mortification the waiter handed me the following note.

SIR,

When your worthy Father recommended you to my notice, and the notice of my family, I naturally supposed you to be a youth of modesty and virtue; but as I find you possessed of neither, I take this liberty of prohibiting any future visits, you may contemplate making to my house—Justice prompts me to state, that when I find a young gentleman, come unblushingly into a public place of amusement, in company with two notorious women of the town, I look upon him as an irreclaimable and as improper companion for my wife and daughters.

Yours, &c.

The above note was from the master of the family I first

mentioned in this epistle, and next to whose box I sat during the representation, I have also alluded to—my eyes were now opened I raved, stamped, cursed, and imprecate everlasting destruction upon those who had sported with my credulity. An attempt to explain away the affair in a favourable manner I considered useless, for should my innocence be made manifest (which by the way was doubtful) I could expect nothing else but to be looked upon, either as a fool or a mad man.

While I was thus 'perplexed in the extreme' a gentleman; whose age and mein appeared to bespeak something consoling approached me.'

Here I shall have to leave this unfortunate son of the woods until next Saturday.—The complaint of a *City* blade, during a residence in the *Country*, I am happy in having received as the one may in part be considered as an offset (as the Lawyers say) against the other. A.

A Soap Boiler, whose entire works had been consumed by fire, was soon after the calamity, addressed by one who wished to sell him some *ashes*. I have no occasion, replied he with facetious philosophy; *as my whole stock is in ashes*.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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VARIETY.

.....

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

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An American meeting a German with a bag of grain upon his head, says to him, "What Mr.—, is that your way to carry your load?" "Yes," replies the German, "I am forced to work hard myself, and will make my head work as well as I."

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SPECTACLES FOR LAWYERS.

A poor man, having an affair of difficulty, wish'd to have the advice of a neighboring lawyer. "Indeed, my friend," said the lawyer (not expecting any great fee, from the man's appearance) "your affair is so intricate, I cannot see where to begin." The man took the hint, and giving him two half guineas, all he had, "*There's a pair of spectacles for you, sir.*"

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MR. WEST'S PICTURE.

An English writer, in a London paper, who distinguished

Mr. West's Picture, "Christ healing the sick," as the most splendid "constellation in the firmament of the graphic muse," says, "It is well known that this was intended as a gift for the United States of America, the native country of the venerable President, and that it has been bought by the subscribers to the British Institution, who were very happy to purchase it for the sum of 3000 guineas, allowing Mr. West the liberty of making a copy in order to put his generous and patriotic project in execution."

AL MOHDI

Al Mohdi, caliph of Bagdad being one day engaged in the chase, rode pressed with hunger and thirst, he betook himself to an Arab's tent to meet with some refreshment. Al Mohdi, having taken a good draught of wine, asked the Arab, if he knew him? "No," said the host: "I am one of the principal noblemen of the caliph's court," said Al Mohdi, taking a second draught; after which he repeated the question, "do you know me?" "You have just now informed me," replied the Arab. "I am a much greater person," returned the monarch, After a third draught he

avowed himself to be the caliph; upon which the Arab carried off the pitcher, and would let him drink no more.

The caliph, surprised, demanded the reason. "Because I am afraid," said the Arab, "that if you take a fourth, you will say you are Mahomet, and if perchance a fifth, that you are *God Almighty himself*."

ANECDOTE.

During the late expeditions [by the English] against different parts of the coast of Spain, a party of seamen had been trained for a day or two in military tactics, and no small number of admonitory precepts were bestowed upon them by a military officer, as to the necessity of obeying, with promptitude, the *words of command*. However, in the attack of a fort, the words "*Incline to the right!*" having been given, the Jacks pushed on in the same direction as before, and appeared to care for nothing but the enemy in view, towards whom they were rushing with their usual dauntlessness. A naval lieutenant, seeing the error, immediately rushed forward in front of the party and bawled out, "*Starboard, my boys!*" an exhortation which was instantly attended to, with an *aye*, *aye, Sir*, by the whole party.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, June 29, 1811.

*"Be it our task,**To note the passing tidings of the time*
CORONER'S REPORTS.

George Heart, a labouring man, was committed to Bridewell yesterday morning, for breaking the arm and otherwise beating Mary Vanhousen, about the hour of eight in the morning, of which wounds she died at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. A coroner's inquest being over the body they returned a verdict of willful murder by the said George Heart.

SUICIDE—Elesha Brainerd, a shoe maker, who came passenger to this port in the schr. Union, Hayward, from Newbern, N. C. cut his throat with a razor on Thursday noon last. He is supposed to have left a family.

Montpelier. (Ver.) June, 6.

HORRIBLE AND DISTRESSING.

Almost every mail bears the tidings of murder by Suicide, committed in some distant part of the country; but seldom do we have to record the commission of a crime so horrible as that of self murder, in our own vicinity. We have now however, the painful task to perform. On Tuesday last, immediately after attending to military duty, Mr. Peter M. Kensey, of Berlin, in the presence of his now widowed wife had four orphan children, deliberately took his Razor from the shelf and ran towards the barn, followed by Mrs. M'Kensey, who caught hold of his garments and endeavoured to wrest the fatal weapon from his hand; but in spite of her efforts, her bitter cries and heart melting supplications, resolutely bent on his own destruction, the husband and the father, in the midst of prosperity, in the enjoyment of health and the exercise of reason, 'cut his throat from ear to ear,' and instantly expired!

Petersburg. June, 18.

DREADFUL OCCURRENCE.

On Tuesday the 4th inst. a most distressing scene occurred in the county of York. A Mrs. Hays, wife of Mr. James Hays, of that county, who had previously exhibited symptoms of insanity, on that fatal morning, while Mr. H. was attending to the concerns of his farm, confined her three infant children in a room,

and with an axe most inhumanly put them to death, by knocking out their brains, and mangling their bodies in a manner truly afflicting. After committing this diabolical act, Mrs. Hays attempted to take her own life, by chopping her head and face, and otherwise lacerating her body. This unfortunate woman, it is expected would be, in a few days, removed to the Hospital at Williamsburg, provided she recovered from the many strokes with which she had wounded her body.

Married.

On the 13th inst. Wm. Fowler, esq. (lately from Scotland) to the amiable and agreeable Miss ELIZA SHANE WOLFE, of this city, only daughter of the celebrated Doctor Shanewolfe, Esq. of Hesse Cassel in Germany.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Barrey, Mr. GEORGE E. COOKE, the celebrated Comedian, to Mrs. V. M. PEEN, daughter of Mr. James Bryden keeper of the Tontine Coffee House.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. John Van Vechten, merchant, of Albany, to Miss Lætitia Sebring, daughter of Isaac Sebring, esq. of this city.

At Washington. (N. C.) on Thursday evening the 6th of June, by the rev. Mr. Blount, Mr. Wm. W. Rodman, formerly of this city, to Miss Polly Ann Blunt, eldest daughter of John G. Blunt, esq. of that place.

At Marbletown, the 18th inst. by the rev. Mr. Gosman, Mr. Henry Lott, (of the firm of Lott & Ray,) to Miss Elsie Ray, daughter of the late John Ray, esq. all of this city.

Died.

At Charleston, the 10th inst. Mrs. Martha Laurens Ramsay, wife of Dr. David Ramsay.

On Monday evening at his seat in Marmatneck, in the 63d year of his age, John Nitche, esq. of this city.

Lately in England. Wm. Boscawen esq. the excellent translator of Horace; and Richard Cumberland esq. the justly celebrated essayist, and dramatic poet.

On his passage from this port for Canton, in the 22d year of his age, Mr. John Abrams, son of the late John Abrams, Esq. Merchant, and Portuguese Consul of this city.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

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For the Lady's Miscellany.



*Lines written on the death of a Person,
who perished in a Snow
Storm—January 1811.*

And check his rapid course—whilst now
He walks the snow in circles o'er and
Treads it's surface hard, then with full
Strength angrily he stamps his feet
Upon the hard pack'd snow and thus
Compels life's crimson tide through various
Channels more rapidly to pass, giving
Warmth and vigour to his frame—
Thus till struggles long repeated proved
vain
Nor home he finds nor shelter from the
storm
Nor piercing blast—discourag'd and
fatigu'd
He craves his support of an aged oak
That stood hard by and witnessed his
fate
How sinks his soul! How tatters his
frame
As thus he leans his weight against the
tree
How feeble now his strength! his
limbs benum'd
Though cold, unable longer to bear him
up
Now down he sinks and lays half bury'd
In the snow.—alas he finds what fall his
struggles

Were in vain, for now to the cold hand
of death

He at last must yield—die he must—to
his family

And friends unknown—nor seen by
mortal

Eye—nor friendly hand to compose his
frozen limbs—

Nor friendly eye to drop a tear—or witness his

Hard fare—alas now anguish bitter anguish

Fill his breast—now loud he weeps—
adieu dear

Partner of my bosom! Dear children of
My love farewell he cries—may heaven
In mercy guard you from all the many
Hapless ills that mortals doth attend,
whilst

Through this world they travel, and at
last

Admit you to it's blest abodes, where I
hope to dwell.

This said he dy'd—kind heaven in pity
releas'd him

From his pain—The wife till now with
inexhausted

Patience waits hoping each moment the
door

To open and her husband enter—around
her

Kneels her little children flock, and with
sweet innocent

Tears ask for their sire—she answers
not, nor

Knows she—alas his delay proceeds
from a cause

Unknown to her—alive she cannot longer
er him

Behold, for death's cold hand his eyes
had clos'd,

'And laid him along the snow a stiften'd
corpse

Stretch'd out and bleaching in the
northern blast."

TESTIS

(Concluded.)

O D E .

*Written for the Seventeenth Anniversary
of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire
Society.*

BY JOHN LATHROP, JUN. ESQ.
 See, on the sacred Temple's spire,
 The impious Demon's ruthless hand,
 While half the city sinks in fire,
 Has fix'd the wildly blazing brand—
 His red right arm with mighty power,
 Launch'd the fell instrument of wo—
 And lo a desolating shower,
 Pours on the humbler roofs below.
 Aghast the trembling crowd survey,
 The sparkling torrent from on high !
 Ah what can now the ruin stay,
 Unless some aid divine be nigh ?—
 Ah well may human art presume,
 To quench the glorious orb of light,
 Or reach the meteors that illumine,
 The brilliant clouds of arctic night
 While yet they gaze, behold with speed,
 The dauntless Brewster* eager springs:
 Angels, who noble actions heed,
 Uphold him with your guardian wings!
 He swiftly mounts on Franklin's rod,
 The steeple's smoking height ascends,
 Preserves the threaten'd house of God.
 And calms the fears of virtue's friends.

* The intrepid conduct and personal exertions of Mr William Brewster, who saved the brick Presbyterian Church in New York, during the late conflagration in that city; and of Mr. Harris, who by a similar act of heroism, extinguished the flames on the roof of the Old South Church in this town, last winter, afford the principal object of the preceding Ode. To such spirited members of society, the tribute of gratitude belongs; and it is a pleasing duty to celebrate their achievements, that they may be preserved as examples for the imitation of others. When opportunities occur, to distinguish themselves by their courage and activity, and at the same time to perform actions conducive to the safety and welfare of the public

Boston Gazette.

Such was the deed that lately sav'd
 Our sister City's beauteous domes,
 The Champion's image is engraved.
 On hearts secure in peaceful homes—
 Nor Harris, shall the muse's lays,
 Unmindful of the well-earned fame.
 Refuse the grateful meed of praise,
 Due to thy worth—thy valour's claim.
 While sweet benevolence regards,
 Each generous hero's bold emprise;
 And bids him read his bright rewards,
 In Gratitude's expressive eyes,
 She hails the Charitable band,
 Who sooth the houseless wanderer's
 care,
 Relieve the poor with liberal hand,
 And cruel fortune's wrongs repair.

Checks, Cards, Handbills

AND PRINTING IN GENERAL,
*Neatly and correctly executed, on
 reasonable terms; and goods
 (of any kind) will be taken
 in part payment,—at the
 Office of the
 LADY'S MISCELLANY*

Thomas H. Brantingham, has removed to No. 145 Broadway, where he continues to procure money on Mortgages, notes of hand & deposits, buys & sells houses, improved farms, & tracts of land Also lets & leases houses & lots, on reasonable commission.—Also the lease of 2 houses, & annuity. Also for sale 30 farms, several with good improvements, will be sold low, goods & property of every sort taken in payment, or any who forms a company tickets & draw for the different farms will be liberally paid for it Also a skilful farming man with a good character, will meet with encouragement, by applying as above. May 20th, 1811.

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